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LOSSES IN FAMILIES.

MANY families grow up and live long together without the bond of their affections being once either strained or broken. They know that death is the common lot of humanity; they see it daily carrying off neighbours and acquaintances. Some of their own relations have felt its power; and they have thus become familiar with all the symptoms and fashions of external woe: but the destroyer has never intruded on their own sacred domain. Year after year, diseases have prevailed around them, and made successive inroads upon every fire-side; but theirs has still escaped. They thus become in some measure singular, and isolated from the rest of the world—their hearts certainly not closed against its sympathies, but not deeply exercised in them. If a mother remain long inconsolable for the loss of a child, they think she is not altogether blameless. "All must die," some member of the establishment will remark: "some are early cut off; some are spared long: but the stroke will come. Why then contend against what we cannot help? Resignation is both absolutely necessary, and it is proper. Besides, our duties are not ended when those who are dearest to us are taken away; we must still attend to our own interests, and make provision for those who are dependent upon us. The business of life must not be interrupted." "It's all true you say," was the reply we once heard given to a female acquaintance by a woman of the humbler rank in Scotland, who had endured serious family bereavements; "but, oh woman, it's plain you never lost a bairn!"

Such a family as that we have been describing have never had their attachments towards each other greatly tried. There has been no occasion for a display of indignant unforgiveness on the part of one, or of unwearied persevering love from another. Their feelings are all of an equable cast. This quiet, however, is broken in upon at last: A son, perhaps, in the pride of his days, is seized with a grievous disease. His mother watches him with anxiety; but she entertains almost a certain expectation that he will speedily be restored to his former health. None of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by previous ailments; so the chance of recovery is in his favour. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis; and she thinks, every night, that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick-bed! How she watches his looks, and catches up the faintest expression of a desire on his pallid countenance! Her hopes of his recovery daily become weaker and weaker. Her first expectations of his recovery vanish. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an anguish almost indescribable, and she now seriously apprehends the very worst. The features of her son at length assume the rigid and sunken aspect of those of a corpse, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye before it shuts in everlasting rest. Thus the delusion comes to an end; and when the child of her affection, perhaps the expected prop of her declining years, at last breathes his last on her bosom, she feels as if some cord that bound her heart had for ever given way. Who can pretend to describe her sufferings, as, stretched afterwards on a couch which almost seems her own death-bed, she gives way to a grief which any attempt to interrupt or soften is felt by all her friends as if it would only be an impertinence? The whole frame seems convulsed; moans of deepest anguish seem to

issue, not from the organs of speech, but from the heart itself; and ever and anon, as the terrible image of her dying son, with all the horrors of the neighbouring death-chamber, comes into her mind (for it will not be banished), she utters frantic cries, which pierce the ears of all within the limits of that sorrow-stricken house. When language is found, it is employed in exclamations which testify the love and admiration she felt towards her son—a love far transcending, she now thinks, all she ever experienced regarding the rest of her children. The rest, indeed—the fortunate living—seem as nothing in her eyes; it appears to her as if she had never loved any but him who now lies so powerless, so forlorn, and whom she is never to see again. "My beautiful—my brave!" as the tragic poet has finely expressed a mother's feelings on such an occasion:—him whom every body loved and admired—who was always so cheerful and so affectionate—can it really be—for, after all she has seen, this question will occur—that you are no more?

It is fortunate for human nature that grief, however overwhelming at first, daily becomes less severe. Were the earliest impressions of our sorrow for ever to remain unobliterated, the world would speedily be filled with lamentation and woe. Thus, Time rolls on, and the sufferings of the disconsolate mother become less poignant. The severity of the trial she has endured has softened her nature, and made her resigned to the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence. The recollection of her lost son is recalled to her by almost every passing circumstance; if there is an occasion of rejoicing in the family, she thinks, "this would have been a time of delight to him if he had been spared." She sees the place he would have occupied among his brothers and sisters; she considers the very words he would have used, had he been alive to join in their conversation. If she hears a tune played, she remembers it was his favourite; if she sees a fine landscape, the thought passes in her mind how he delighted in woodland scenery. Another of her family falls, and another, and another; but she does not deceive herself, now. "The first time," she acknowledges, "she never thought her poor son would die till she saw him lifeless before her: all the rest, from the moment they were taken ill, she was prepared to see cut off." The earliest was snatched from her; those that died afterwards were resigned.

Thus does grief soften the heart, and teach us not only to sympathize with others, but how to bear our own ills more calmly. But for its humanizing influence, how hard-hearted would men become—how wrapt up each in his own self-sufficiency! Nay, even if the present economy of nature were altered but in a single respect—if the destiny of death were still allotted to all, but were postponed in each individual of our species to a certain period of time, how materially would the aspect of society be altered, and how callous would all the world remain, when one by one they saw their fellow-men removed from this earthly scene! Then with truth might people say, "Why mourn for him?—his time was come." It is because of the uncertainty that prevails—because some are cut off in the bud, and some in the prime—some by severity of disease, some by violence—and because we had hopes of enjoying their society longer, or that death might have come in some way less painful to themselves—because we are convinced that the government of affairs is completely beyond our own control and calculation—that we feel and acknowledge our own weakness, how closely we are concerned to possess each other's sympathies, how entirely we are dependent on

a higher power! Thus has kind Heaven made our sorest griefs the best blessings, even if we look no farther than to the condition of man in the present world.

LONDON.

WHEN a stranger from the provinces visits London for the first time, he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it, he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character, and extent; but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate: so that, when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange to Charing Cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and, in no small degree, stupified. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a city: it is a nation; a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is that of half the world, and its amount of population that of some second-rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds, mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now composed of the cities of London and Westminster—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—besides a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now engrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated their appellations. All now form one huge town in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London. By its extensions in this manner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than eighteen miles square.

The increase of London has been particularly favoured by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising very gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides, the country appears very little diversified with hills, or any thing to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers. It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between low and fertile banks, out of a richly ornamented country on the west, and, arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between banks thickly clad with dwelling-houses, manufactories, and wharves, for a space of eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the city; but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and depth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately, the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks, as is the case with the Liffey at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St Paul's, the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the

breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thoroughfares.

London consists of an apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are commonly four stories in height, and never less than three. The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white freestone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and the daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair, with balustrades, from bottom to top of the house. It is only in the more fashionable districts of the town that the houses have sunk areas with railings; in all the business parts, they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground storeys as shops and warehouses. Where retail businesses are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagreness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most remarkable abundance, and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thoroughfares, miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read, without the aid of a glass, at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of coloured bills, descriptive of the extraordinary excellence and cheapness of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and, to make them the more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or, what appears a very favourite situation, the summit of the gables of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short, there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesmen. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and suavity of manner exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and in the inventive faculty and activity of individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channels. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you twopenny; some needy wretch always rising up, as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labour, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property of certain individuals. A man, having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clean; for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention, for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street-sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat. A crossing is reckoned valuable in proportion to the extent of the thoroughfare. It is bought and sold like a post in the army, and may be left by will. Woe be to the marauder who would take illegal possession, like a squatter in the backwoods, without regular transfer! All the brooms in the capital would be at once shaken in defence of the owner; and if the interloper got off anything short of absolute extinction, he might esteem himself fortunate. Some of these crossings in the city are perhaps worth from two to three hundreds a-year;

and it is said that, on a late occasion, one of the incumbents bequeathed several thousands of pounds. So much for a good London crossing.

The constant thoroughfare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on in streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions, when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a tattered copy of "Barrington's New London Spy," a work which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring-droppers, cut-purses, footpads, and others, who subsist on waylaying simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the linings of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than sixpence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wheresoever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder. Catch them, if you can, going any way but in the main lines of street; the Strand and Fleet Street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battle ship in time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than do that.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered on the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption or spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there. In the midst of dense moving crowds, you are as much a solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in a heap; a grain of sand on the sea-shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and, plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

The next subject of wonder to a stranger in London is—but we must here pause, and continue our rambling sketches at another opportunity.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RAIN.

THE oceans, lakes, rivers, and springs, which are so generally distributed over the surface of the earth, not only adorn its aspect with variety and beauty, but afford a constant supply of moisture, which, after having been raised in the shape of clouds into the heavens, descends again in showers of larger or smaller drops, to fertilize the soil, and nourish the herbs, shrubs, and trees, which afford sustenance to all living beings, from the insect which wings its way sightless through the air, to man who has been endowed with the highest attributes of intelligence.

In nature, all that we see and hear—the very objects which are most familiar to the eye, and for that reason so continually neglected—are in themselves more or less complicated in structure, and bear the impress of that omnipotent hand, which has weighed, and adjusted to immutable laws, the minutest particle of sand that drifts along the shores of the universe. The light which is the blessed medium of our vision—the heat which is a stimulus to life in every scale of existence—the clouds which float above us, casting their refreshing shadows around our summer footsteps—have already afforded us so much interest, that we are tempted to resume our walk through the popular paths of science, admonished in every step of our progress, by the poet Wordsworth, to

"look on Nature with a humble heart;
Self-questioned where we do not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love."

Already it has been explained, that the waters of the earth yield up a certain quantity of moisture into the air, which, being condensed, assumes the appearance of a cloud of greater or lesser density and magnitude, floating at a variable distance above us in the regions of the atmosphere. When Gay Lussac ascended in his balloon, he observed clouds floating above him when he had reached the height of twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea; but they generally move in a much lower medium than this; and travellers who have attained the summits of high mountains, have not unfrequently observed them form, float along, and dissipate in the distance beneath him. But a cloud is not, as a rude mind might anticipate, a confused mass, destitute of all arrangement and beauty; for, as already shown, its structure is peculiar, and the vesicles of which it is composed are regularly arranged together as the fibres of the most delicate flower we can inspect;—hence, clouds admit of a particular classification;—from one variety of them, fine weather may be predicted;—from another, the continuance of high winds; from another, the immediate fall of rain—the

phenomena attending which come now under our more particular consideration.

REGULAR RAIN.

Naturalists describe rain as regular or irregular—the former possessing the characters which rain usually has in this and every other country, the latter presenting very remarkable peculiarities, which excite the interest of the learned, and the apprehension and wonder of the vulgar. Immediately before the fall of rain, the cloud whence it descends loses its vesicular structure. The water-bags (if this rude term may be applied to the vesicles of which it is composed) condense, and unite together into solid drops, which converts the cloud into that dense, heavy, black-looking mass known well under the name of the rain-cloud. When this happens, rain falls; and its peculiarities consist in the greater or lesser size of its drops, the closer or more distant arrangement of its streams, and the quantity which falls in different regions of the globe. Within the tropics, and in this country, where the air has been charged with electricity, as often happens during the dry summer or autumnal months, the rain-drops are very large; but during the wet and chilly season which attends the fall of the year, they are often very small, and, as it is technically termed, *drizzling*. It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of our notice, that drops of rain have always been found larger in the lower regions of the atmosphere. Thus, Dr Walker observed, in going down a high mountain, that the drops gradually increased in size as he descended. At a little way below the summit of the mountain, the precipitation appeared only a gentle mist; but this gradually became denser as he descended, until, on reaching the valley, it increased to a heavy rain. In the year 1776, Dr Heberdeen proved this curious fact. He placed one instrument for measuring the quantity of rain which falls—called the *rain-gauge*, which we shall presently describe—on the square part of the roof of Westminster Abbey; another on the top of a neighbouring house considerably lower than the first; and another on the ground in the adjoining garden. The rain collected in each was as follows:—

Top of Westminster Abbey,	12 inches.
Top of the house,	18 "
On the ground,	22 "

So that much more rain was collected in the lower than in the upper rain-gauge. It has been observed, that this difference may in some measure be owing to the action of the wind, which might drift the rain from the higher and more exposed vessel; but let the greatest pains be taken to avoid this difficulty, which may be done by placing all the vessels in positions equally exposed to the wind;—still the fact will hold good, that the quantity of rain increases as we descend in the atmosphere. It has been conjectured that the increased size of the drops, as we descend mountains into valleys, depends on their uniting together as they fall. But the truth seems to be, that the increased quantity of moisture precipitated is owing to the continued evaporation going on at the earth's surface. When the sun has withdrawn his rays, or is overcast by a dense cloud in the higher regions of the heavens, and when the air is loaded with excess of vapour, should an additional quantity arise from the earth's surface, it must be obstructed in its ascent, and, meeting with a colder current, be condensed, and converted into rain. In traversing a mountainous country during a storm, we have had occasion to observe this fact; for often the rain by which we have been wet through, has seemed not so much to descend from above, as to be formed immediately around us. The garments about the knees of the pedestrian will, under such circumstances, be wet through, while his shoulders remain comparatively dry. Hence, marshy and maritime situations which emit much vapour are observed to be remarkably rainy. Mountainous regions are generally visited also with much rain; and the reason of this is, that clouds are attracted by mountains. Every cloud is charged with more or less electricity, and the mountains which rise high in the atmosphere act as attractors. When the cloud approaches, being in an opposite electrical state, the mountain abstracts from it a portion of its electric fluid, in consequence of which its vesicles collapse, and fall in rain-drops. When a country is very flat, rain does not often fall; thus, though the winds are not steady, rain in Egypt seldom occurs. In illustration of the agency of mountains in attracting clouds, it has been often remarked, that on the Andes it rains constantly, and sometimes descends on Quito in prodigious showers, while in Peru this rarely occurs.

Winds, likewise, by being irregular and variable, give rise to heavy falls of rain in this and in other countries. The rains in India, which are often so desolating in their effects, generally occur during the shifting of the monsoons; but the most remarkable storm of rain there experienced, usually occurs during what is termed the south-west monsoon. "Its approach," says Mr Elphinstone, "is generally announced by vast masses of clouds that rise from the Indian Ocean, and advance towards the north-east, gathering and thickening as they come near the land. After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evening, and the monsoon generally sets in during the night. It is attended by thunder storms far exceeding those in more temperate regions. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours, light-

ning is seen almost without intermission; sometimes it only illuminates the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others, it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when, in an instant, it re-appears in vivid successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. At length the thunder ceases, and nothing is heard but the continued pouring of the rain and the rushing of the rising streams. The next day presents a gloomy spectacle; the rain still descends in torrents, and scarcely allows a view of the blackened fields; the rivers are swollen and discoloured, and sweep down along with them the hedges, the huts, and the remains of the cultivation which was carried on during the last dry season, in their beds.* In this country, during steady dry weather, the winds blow in a steady direction; but when they shift, and become unsteady and variable, rainy weather generally succeeds. When the wind remains for a long period blowing in one continued direction, the vapour, instead of accumulating and condensing into clouds, is wafted to distant regions. Accordingly, rain seldom falls during the constant trade-winds; but the continental parts of the regions where these remarkable winds occur, are subject to very heavy rainy seasons, which are periodical, like the monsoons of the same climates. In that part of Peru called Valles, which lies on the north and south side of Lima, and is bounded on the east by the Andes, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, it never rains at all; but during winter the earth is covered with a fog so thick and dense as to intercept the rays of the sun. These fogs, which the natives call *garuas*, supply sufficient moisture to render the most arid and barren soil fertile, and to convert the disagreeable dust in the streets of Lima into mud. The reason why it never rains in this country is, that the wind always blows from the south, that is, from a colder to a warmer region of the world. In all countries, particular winds are noted for being accompanied either by wet or by dry weather; thus, the south and the south-west winds bring much moisture into Britain, while those from the north and north-east are cold, dry, and penetrating; hence the old proverb,

"When the wind's in the south,
It's in the rain's mouth."

Not only does this arise from the immense surface of ocean over which these winds sweep south of the equator, the evaporation from which must be prodigious, but from these southerly winds being of a higher temperature, whereby they hold a greater quantity of vapour in suspension or solution, the condensation of which must be proportionally greater on arriving in this colder climate. Accordingly, it has been observed that the wind will turn from the north to south with a quiet wind and without rain, but, on returning from the south to the north, will blow hard and bring much rain. Again, if it begin to rain from the south, with a high wind, for two or three hours, and the wind falls, but the rain continues, it is likely to rain for twelve hours or more, and does usually rain until a strong north wind clears the air. For the same reason, winds from the west and south-west are considered to bring with them wet weather; hence the old saying,

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

In the morning, the sun, rising from its "eastern chamber," shines directly upon the rain falling in the west, and thereby warning the watchful shepherd of the approach of wet weather with this humid wind; but at night, when the sun sinks in the west, its rays fall on the rain in the east, and the shepherd then sees the storm departing; hence, this is one of the many popular sayings founded on observation of nature.

Men of science have made very careful inquiries to ascertain the quantity of rain which falls in certain places during a given time, and the instrument devised for that purpose is called the *rain-gauge*. Its construction is very simple, consisting merely of a circular or square vessel, to which is affixed a pipe, funnel-shaped, for conducting the rain into it, where its quantity is estimated by a scale marking the number of square inches which enter. The annual quantity of rain is greatest at the equator, and gradually diminishes as we approach the poles. But, while the quantity of rain varies in different regions of the earth, it presents remarkable differences even in the same country. The mean quantity of rain which falls in England is estimated at 32 inches. For the amusement, we should rather say instruction, of our readers, we subjoin, in a note however, the mean annual fall of rain in different places in this country.† As the west wind blows for a much longer period of the year than the east wind, more rain falls on the west than east coast of Great Britain. "Glasgow," says Dr Thomson, "which is an inland city, and at some distance from the mountains, is drier than Edinburgh, which

is more contiguous to the Eastern Ocean, and much drier than Greenock or Largo, which are contiguous to the Western Ocean."—*Outlines of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity*, Vol. I.—269, et seq.

The influence of the wind, however, and its effects, must be much modified by the aspect of the country through which it sweeps, be it over level seas and plains, over ranges of mountains, or between rocky or mountainous passes. Such local peculiarities in the features of the earth necessarily influence the quantity of rain which falls in particular districts; but this we shall hereafter contemplate more fully, when we consider the nature of whirlwinds, tornadoes, the typhoon, simoons, hurricanes, and other meteorological phenomena, which occur in different regions of the globe.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES TAYLOR,

Originator of Steam Navigation.

THERE can be no more pleasing duty than that of rescuing the claims of worth and genius from unmerited oblivion, more especially when these claims are grounded upon benefits conferred on the whole civilized world. But the task assumes something even of a sacred character, when undertaken in behalf of the departed; for however gratifying it may be to render that justice which has been so long delayed, it is melancholy to reflect that he to whom it was due does not now exist to reap the benefit of the vindication.

The credit of the inestimable invention of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, has now been claimed by so many pretenders, that we believe the public are at this moment as much puzzled to whom to assign the palm, as they have all along been to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of *Junius*. Independent of numerous claimants in our own country, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have not been slow to assert their title; but although it be true that the great and important results likely to accrue from the discovery, were first fairly developed on the Hudson, we are perfectly prepared to shew, that there certainly the idea did not originate; that it was altogether of British, or rather of Scottish origin; and from documents now in our possession, we have little doubt of being able to set this disputed question for ever at rest to the satisfaction of the public, and to prove that to the individual whose name stands at the head of this memoir, the world is indebted for all the benefits they enjoy by means of that wonderful fabric, the STEAM-BOAT.

It is needless here to give a detailed account of Mr Taylor's birth and parentage; suffice it to say, that they were both respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards attended the University of Edinburgh for several years. He appears to have prosecuted his studies with much assiduity and success, for at the end of his course he was prepared to enter either upon the profession of medicine or divinity. But the excursive nature of his genius hindered him at the time from fixing his mind down to any one pursuit; and although, as we are told, more than one living was placed within his acceptance, he continued to devote himself to his favourite philosophical studies, particularly geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and mechanics. The ardour of enthusiasm, however, although it may sustain the mind, will not support the body; and in the year 1785 he accepted the situation of preceptor in the family of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton. That well-known, excellent, and patriotic gentleman, whose exertions as a practical experimentalist on almost all useful subjects are well known, had shortly before then completed a long and expensive course of experiments upon artillery, of which the carronade was the result, and was, at the time, engaged in a similar course upon shipping. He had built several vessels of various constructions and magnitudes, with the view of improving upon the existing modes of ship-building—in particular a double vessel, intended to be propelled by the hand by means of wheels. It will readily be imagined that two individuals, so similar in habits, and so ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as Mr Taylor and his employer, should soon contract a friendship and regard for each other; and, accordingly, Mr Miller soon acquired the habit of uniformly consulting the opinion of his family tutor, and making him a sort of partner in all his shipping experiments. In 1787, Mr Miller engaged in a sailing match with a party of gentlemen at Leith, in his double vessel, against a first-rate sailing wherry. Mr Taylor was, of course, on board; and to this circumstance may be attributed the primary projection of applying the steam-engine to navigation. Mr Miller's vessel won the day, and Mr Taylor felt perfectly convinced of the efficiency of the principle by which it was wrought; but, having taken a spell at the wheels, he found the labour so excessive, that he told Mr Miller, that, unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. Mr Miller acknowledged the justice of the observation, and requested the aid of his cogitations on the subject, adding, that the only other plan he himself could think of was the employment of the capstan. Mr Taylor's thoughts forthwith became steadfastly directed to the subject; and, after much reflection, and many conversations with his employer, he at last suggested the steam-engine.

Mr Miller at first started many objections on the score of the danger of fire, &c.; but at last, after great persuasion, and not until Mr Taylor had demonstrated by drawings the practicability of connecting the engine with the wheels, he agreed to have a small engine built, and to give the plan a trial. Accordingly, on the family coming into Edinburgh for the winter, from Dalswinton, Mr Taylor was requested to find out a proper engineer for the purpose; and a young acquaintance of his, named William Symington, employed at the lead mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, and who had invented a new construction of the steam-engine (by throwing off the air pump), being at the time in Edinburgh for his education, he recommended and introduced him to Mr Miller. It was then agreed that the experiment should be made on the lake at Dalswinton, in the ensuing summer (1788); and upon the family returning to the country in the spring, Mr Taylor remained behind to superintend and transmit the castings, which were formed of brass. In the autumn, Symington was sent for to Dalswinton to put the parts together, and fit the engine upon the vessel, a handsome double pleasure-boat. The experiment which followed succeeded perfectly; the vessel moving at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter. This trial took place in presence of hundreds of people, and an account of it, drawn up by Mr Taylor, was inserted in the *Dumfries Journal* the same month (October). It was also noticed in the *Scots Magazine* of the following November.

The success of the foregoing experiment was so complete and satisfactory, that it was agreed to form a business of it, and cover the invention with a patent; but, before doing so, it was reckoned prudent to repeat the trial upon a larger scale on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Accordingly, in the following spring, Mr Taylor repaired to Carron, with Mr Symington, to superintend the casting of a double engine, with cylinders of eighteen inches diameter; but it was the month of November ere all things were ready for action. There were present, on this occasion, the Committee of the Managers of the Carron Company, Mr Balfour of Pilrig, Mr Adam of Blair-Adam, Mr Stainton, manager of the works, and other gentlemen, together with Mr Taylor and Mr Symington. Several unforeseen, and, indeed, almost unavoidable mishaps, at first occurred, owing to the too slight construction of several parts of the engine; but ultimately, on the 26th December, every thing was put to rights, and the vessel went beautifully and steadily at the rate of seven miles an hour. The experiment, indeed, was as complete as any that has ever since been tried. By Mr Miller's directions (who was not present on the above occasion) the vessel was dismantled and laid up, and the engine placed in the Carron works; and when Mr Taylor joined him at Dalswinton, he found him too much occupied with his agricultural improvements to think of prosecuting the steam-boat scheme farther at that time; nor could he ever afterwards be induced to take it up again. The patent was never taken out. Mr Taylor, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, either to ensure protection to, or enable him to reap the due benefit from, his invention, was compelled to remain passive; and, as but too often happens in such cases, others began to turn the fruits of his genius to their own account. In the following year, however, an opportunity seemed to offer itself, by which Mr Taylor had a temporary prospect of realizing his hopes of fame and fortune from his ingenuity. The present R. Cutlar Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, then resident at Paris, having heard of the steam-boat experiments, wrote home, earnestly advising Mr Taylor to carry his invention to the Continent, and promising to introduce him to the notice of the King of Hungary. Several letters passed between Mr Fergusson and Mr Taylor on the subject; but the scheme was entirely dissipated by the breaking out of the French Revolution. It is proper here to observe, that both Mr Fergusson and his father, who corresponded with Mr Taylor on the subject, although intimate friends and constant visitors of Mr Miller, never once mentioned his name in their letters, but uniformly addressed the subject of this memoir personally, as the originator and possessor of the invention. Shortly after this period, Mr Taylor and Mr Miller separated.

In 1801 or 1802, Mr Symington, who, up to this time, had never laid the shadow of a claim to Mr Taylor's invention, induced Lord Dundas to employ him to fit up a vessel for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. This was accordingly done, but when set a-working, the agitation of the water, and consequent washing of the banks, which it caused, was so alarming, that the Company would not permit it to be used again, and it was laid up at Lock Sixteen. It happened that at this period Mr Fulton, the American engineer, was travelling in Britain for information in the line of his profession, and, whilst visiting Carron works, in company with Mr Henry Bell, then a carpenter at Glasgow, first heard of the steam-boat. He forthwith applied to Mr Symington, who resided at Falkirk, for leave to inspect the boat, which was immediately complied with, and every information readily furnished. The consequence was, that both Mr Fulton and Mr Bell immediately conceived the project of separately turning the invention to their own ac-

* Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, vol. iii. 246. Oliver and Boyd, 1832.

† The following is the annual fall of rain in different places in Great Britain—

London,	23.16 inches.	Liverpool,	34.110 inches.
Edinburgh,	34.5	Lancaster,	30.714
Glasgow,	31.331	Chatsworth,	27.064
Dumfries,	36.919	Dover,	37.52
Manchester,	36.140	Plymouth,	44

count. Mr Fulton launched his first boat on the Hudson in 1807, and he and his country claimed the merit of the invention. Mr Bell was somewhat tardier in his movements, and it was not until 1812 that his first steam-vessel, the *Comet*, was set a-going on the Clyde—when he, like Mr Fulton, also claimed the merit of the invention. In the meantime, it appears that Mr Symington, too, not only laid pretensions to it, but had secretly taken out a patent so far back as the year 1802 or 1803. This stealthy step, however, of which neither Mr Taylor nor Mr Miller had the slightest suspicion, served him nothing; for when he raised an action of damages upon it in 1815, against the proprietors of the Clyde steam-boats, they defended themselves successfully on the plea that he was not the original inventor. Mr Symington's unfair and continued interference, and the discovery of the surreptitious patent, of which Mr Taylor was not made aware until long afterwards, and not until many years after Mr Miller's death, seem to have called forth an indignant remonstrance from Mr Taylor, as we find by a letter of Mr Symington, dated February 1821, evidently intended to soothe his irritation, and promising to pay him one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent.

When the steam-boats first commenced plying on the Clyde, Mr Taylor again waited on Mr Miller, who had now become very infirm, and pressing urged upon him to preserve the benefit of his invention by patent. Mr Miller, however, urged his age and declining health as an excuse for not engaging any more in such speculations, and added—"I must now rest satisfied with having produced an improvement which will do good to my country, and benefit all mankind." Under such circumstances, and Mr Taylor not having funds of his own to interfere, the benefit of the invention was unfortunately allowed to pass away from both. It is not easy to account for Mr Miller's singular apathy and indifference towards the subject, subsequent to the undoubted success of his experiments—the point at which most other people would feel chiefly encouraged to persevere. That it was from indifference to fame and reputation, no one who was acquainted with that gentleman can for a moment suspect; and we are indeed strongly inclined to believe that it was his very fondness for that most delusive but innocent of vanities which caused his silence. It must be recollected that no pretender to the invention had started up in Britain previous to this time, and he knew that he himself currently got the entire credit of it. Had he, however, proceeded to take out a patent, he would have been compelled to have included Mr Taylor in it, and thus, by making public the principal share which the latter gentleman had in the invention, have deprived himself of the credit he had so long been in the habit of receiving. This explanation of his conduct, at least, is the only probable one which we are able to arrive at.

Whilst steam navigation was every day rising in importance, and numerous companies and individuals were rapidly building their fortunes through its means, the friends of Mr Taylor, who was in any thing but prosperous circumstances, never ceased to urge upon him the propriety of laying his claims before government, and soliciting a reward suited to the magnitude and importance of his discovery. At last, in 1824, he was induced to draw up a statement, detailing all the particulars connected with the origin and progress of steam navigation, which he printed, and addressed to Sir Henry Parnell, Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Steam-boats, &c. It would not appear that this application elicited any favourable reply; for, early in 1825, we find him applying to Mr Huskisson, then President of the Board of Trade, through Mr Kennedy, of Dunure, to which application an answer was returned to the effect that "there was little hope that government would consider the subject a fit one for remuneration." Imagining that this indifference of the Ministry to his claims arose from the uncertainty which was felt in regard to the real author of the invention, owing to the multiplicity of claimants, he again wrote in August the same year, with a fuller and more particular detail of all the circumstances. At this time he was upon his death-bed, and, indeed, within a month of his decease—bowed down by infirmities, and pressed with pecuniary difficulties, having previously engaged in an extensive pottery at Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which had not succeeded. He died on the 18th September 1825, in the 68th year of his age, an addition to the already numerous list of men whose genius has secured mighty results for the world, but nothing beneficial for themselves. Very shortly after his decease, a third application was made to the same quarter, by one of his relatives, on behalf of his widow and family, in which some pretensions, brought forward at the time by Mr Symington, in a letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courier*, were most satisfactorily refuted. In this communication to government, also, a letter was quoted, penned so far back as the year 1787, by Mr Symington to Mr Taylor, in which that gentleman so explicitly acknowledges the originality of the conception of the applicability of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation, as belonging to the subject of this memoir, that it seems altogether incomprehensible how he could ever afterwards presume to appropriate of it to himself. An extract from this letter of Mr Symington, as well as of his promissory epistle to Mr Taylor of February

1821, is subjoined,* and it is thought proper here to state, that the originals of these, as well as of many other communications between the parties on the same subject, have been submitted to the inspection of one of the Editors of this publication. Mr Symington subsequently attempted to renew his pretensions, in a communication to the Editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*; but these were so thoroughly set at rest by a respondent in the same publication, that it is reckoned unnecessary here to allude to them more particularly.

It is peculiarly gratifying to us, and must be so to every admirer of genius and every lover of humanity, to be enabled to conclude this memoir by stating, that, shortly after Mr Taylor's death, a pension of £50 a-year was bestowed by government on his widow, a most respectable gentlewoman, now residing in Edinburgh—thus acknowledging substantially, though tardily, the justness of those claims, advanced thus late, and under such peculiar circumstances.

LIVING IN JAMAICA.

THERE are few places in the world where people in general live better, I believe, than in Jamaica—from the highest to the lowest—the governor to the plantation negro. Food of all kinds is in abundance—flesh, fish, fowl, fruit, and kitchen vegetables. To be sure, the assortment varies in different districts, but all are equally well supplied with some kinds or other. If fresh beef and mutton abound most in the towns, the mountains have a still better supply of pigs, poultry, kid, and game. The beef is seldom good, owing to the universal practice of drawing the oxen in teams for several years. Besides, the heat of the climate obliges its consumption, or at least cooking, within four-and-twenty hours after being killed. Taste is every thing, however: what I considered extremely bad (coming straight from the roast beef of old England), the islanders reckoned extremely good. The mutton is coarse, and, from the appearance of the sheep, one wonders it is not much coarser. If I recollect right, they are Mexican—long-necked, ragged rascals, with only half a hide upon them. A drove of them look, for all the world, like a regiment of hussars. The young kids are much used, and highly prized, and, when properly roasted, look very tempting and tender, but still there is a rankness of flavour about the flesh which bespeaks the future goat, and which I never could reconcile myself to. The pigs, especially those fed on the sugar estates, are the most delicate and delicious, I should think, in the universe. What the acorn-fed porkers of Westphalia may be when young, I know not, but they must be fine indeed to excel their West Indian brethren, educated on the juicy cane roots and plantain stems. The veal I never tasted. As for the fish, there are few places supplied more abundantly, or in greater variety. It would occupy, indeed, a whole page of letter-press to enumerate them; therefore I shall name none. Many of them are large and rich, but their flesh is in general soft and pulpy, nor is there any one of them at all to be compared to our own salmon. One small kind, called the *snapper*, with various other sorts, are to be seen swimming about near the shore of the clear pellucid harbour, and under the numerous quays, in thousands. In the inland streams, the mountain mullet, a fine rich trout, is the prevalent fish. Speaking of fish, I must not forget the shell-fish; but I refer to them only for the purpose of noticing two species—the oyster and the black crab. The former literally grow upon trees; that is to say, they adhere to the pendant branches of the willows that grow on the margin of the water, and in this state are brought into market, where they are sold at so much per stick. But, assuredly, unless informed, I should never have guessed them to have been oysters. Their shells generally resemble those of the mussel rather than the pandore. They are very sweet and wholesome nevertheless. The black crab (which resembles exactly our Scotch *parton*, but smaller, and darker in the colour) is generally considered a great delicacy in Jamaica. The habits of this animal are as great a puzzle to the West Indians as those of the salmon are to the naturalists of Scotland. They are found in all parts of the interior, and it is believed they migrate every year from one side of the island to the other; at least they have often been met with, in hundreds together, slowly traversing the country. At these times it is dangerous to meddle with them, as, should they fix upon a man, mule, or horse, nothing but wrenching their claws off their bodies could make them quit their hold. It is a curious characteristic of this animal, that, during these migrations, nothing can make them

swerve from their path. Be the obstacle which comes in their way stone, tree, or precipice, they go direct over it by means of their adhesive claws. Whilst sojourning on the sea-shore, they burrow in holes like rabbits. The domestic fowls are the common hen, the Guinea-hen, the peacock, the turkey, the duck, and, I think, the goose. The first of these are chiefly disposed of to vessels leaving port; but the Guinea-hen, although seemingly a more delicate bird, is easier kept, and stands the voyage much better. The turkey thrives uncommonly well in Jamaica. The game, or wild fowl, is exceedingly limited in variety. The Guinea-fowl and the quail are plentiful; but owing to the rank vegetation that covers the country, any thing like regular hunting is impossible. There is likewise abundance of snipes, and also numerous varieties of the pigeon tribe.

Of the fruits in Jamaica I need scarcely speak. They comprise almost every species known in the western tropics. The vine and pomegranate cluster every veranda where the owner takes the trouble to plant them. A large delicious pine-apple may be bought in the market for a flippeny (3d. sterling). The juicy water-melon, which retains its delightful coolness even when exposed, unsheltered, to the burning sun, is abundant, and grows to a very large size. Oranges are in the utmost profusion, and better I never tasted than what I met with sometimes. The tamarinds are literally allowed to rot on the trees. The mangoes are so common that they are little regarded, unless by the negroes, scores of whom are every year carried off from eating them ere they are fully ripe. Besides the fruits I have mentioned, there are the shaddock, the star-apple, the pappaw, and a host of others, too numerous to record here. Wild strawberries are found in the higher parts of the mountains. The English apple, also, grows in Jamaica, but is very dwarfish; nor must I omit to mention the pears, which are not eaten, as with us, as a dessert, but to meals, with pepper and salt! They bear no affinity, however, to the British pear, but have a large stone in the heart of them, and the fruit is of a fat tasteless nature, which few strangers relish. I have eaten the ripe figs from the tree, too; but to my taste they are nothing to be compared in their green to their preserved state. The cocoa-nut tree takes, I believe, fully a dozen years ere it begins to bear. While the nut is green, and before the white kernel, or rather coating, begins to form on the inside of the shell, the cavity is quite filled with a watery liquid of a sweet rich taste, which is reckoned very nourishing. I have taken an English pint of this liquor from one nut—and drunk it too. There is a great similarity of appearance between the palm and the cocoa-nut trees; and although the former is the stately plant, the branches of the latter excel it in freshness of colour—bright green.

There is no scarcity of kitchen vegetables in Jamaica. The potatoes endeavoured to be raised there are, as in all tropical climes, very bad—small, watery, and waxy. The want of them, however, is amply made up by the yam in the mountains; and in the sea-ports there is at all times a plentiful importation of potatoes from Ireland, Britain, and America. There are green peas all the year round, and a numerous variety of small delicate beans. A plant called callaloo grows wild, which is much used in the interior, and resembles exactly our spinach in taste, colour, and medicinal properties. Perhaps I should also include the plantain among the vegetables for table use, as it is used instead of loaf-bread at all meals by the planters in the interior. There is a root, too, called the cocoa, which in its green state is rank poison, but when dried in the sun, and pounded, makes a white and pleasant cake. This root, however, is only used by the negroes. One of the greatest treats of the vegetable species which I met with among the mountains, was "the garden marrow," which, when sliced down and fried, bears the nearest possible resemblance to a rich, well-cooked pancake.

Having thus given a brief, and, I will own, imperfect enumeration of the various *fungibles* which the soil and shores of Jamaica yield its inhabitants, I will next endeavour, in a subsequent paper, to give a faint idea of the gastronomical habits of the consumers.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

WHITE, in his delightful work entitled the *Natural History of Selborne*, an exceedingly beautiful and cheap edition of which is lately published in the BRITISH LIBRARY, makes the following observations on the language of birds:—

"From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language like the vazier, who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls, reclaimed a sultan, before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean, that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings, such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds; no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes

* "I must make some remarks on your summer's invention, which, if made to perform what its author gives it out for, will undoubtedly be one of the greatest wonders hitherto presented to the world, besides being of considerable emolument to the projector. Great success to you, although overturning my schemes; but take care we do not come upon your back, and run away with them by some improvement. Your brother John gives a kind of credit to your report, which, for some reasons, I did not discourage. I must conclude, &c. &c. (Signed) WM. SYMINGTON."

"Glasgow, 8th Feb. 1821.
"Sir—In terms of our former agreement, when making experiments of sailing by the steam-engine, I hereby bind and oblige myself to convey to you, by a regular assignation, the one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent taken by me upon that invention, when an opportunity occurs of executing the deed, and when required.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.
"To Mr James Taylor, } (Signed) WILLIAM SYMINGTON.
Cumnock."

of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and, about the season of nidification, much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males; they use also a quick call and a horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success; the parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till daybreak, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, bespeaks the attention of the other *hirundines*, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious—as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall, therefore, confine our attention to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and, therefore, best understood. And first, the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgusting. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking, and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss, also, of the gander, is formidable, and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks, the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward, and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner: he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood, she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language, as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitters of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary: if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum—as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him

—the creaked cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours.

A neighbouring gentleman, one summer, had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down, between a fagot pile and the end of his house, to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the catiff dashed, and was entangled. The servant suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued: the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided

—they execrated—they insulted—they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

MARSEILLES.

THERE is nothing so tiresome as travelling by canal, even though it be that of Languedoc. The continued line of artificial embankment affects both mind and eye with its dull monotony. To relieve myself from the heavy sensations which a gliding motion is apt to produce, I walked the whole distance between Toulouse and Beziers, taking advantage of the boat to convey my portmanteau; and, from the frequent recurrence of locks, I found that I could more than keep pace with it. I left Toulouse early in the morning, and arrived at Beziers the subsequent evening, so that I was necessitated to walk one whole night, the sofas in the little cabin being quite occupied by men, women, and children; and I preferred the exercise to sleeping, as some of the passengers did, stretched on their own luggage on deck, under a heavy fall of dew. As the boat was in continued motion, and no provision made for passengers on board, I was obliged to cater for myself at the various villages as we passed along; and I contrived to do so pretty successfully, though an Englishman and his wife declared that they were half starved. On the whole, I advise every one who is fond of ease and comfortable travelling to shun the Languedoc Canal, which the guide-books so warmly recommend; except to a pedestrian with heavy luggage, it offers no advantages. I arrived at Beziers at seven o'clock in the evening; the sun was down some time, and the town, which stands on a rock of considerable altitude, and is strongly fortified, rose in a dark heavy mass against the evening sky. I ascended the rocky declivitous pathway on the west, and, by nine o'clock, was thundering down the opposite one on the east, in a diligence bound for Montpellier. Beziers is famed for its manufacture of *eau de vie*, which vies in celebrity with that of Cogniac; and as I had provided myself with a flask of it, a second night in the open air was passed pleasantly enough. We got to Montpellier about four in the morning. I enjoyed a delicious slumber till nine, when the bright beams of a cloudless day broke into my room, and I soon found myself on the *Perrault*, or public promenade.

Like all towns dependent for its prosperity on fashion or caprice, Montpellier has seen many changes. The Montpellier of to-day is but the ghost of what it once was. The sun shines as brightly as ever; the delicious softness of the morning and evening breezes is as salubrious; the animal, fish, and vegetable markets, are as overflowing with cheap and wholesome viands; the promenades have all the advantages of shade and distant landscape; but instead of the hundreds who used to flock every autumn to enjoy them, only a few solitary strangers drop in as if by chance. The quackery of medicine, which at one time numbered Montpellier as a panacea for all descriptions of disease, has contributed, I believe, by following the caprice of fashion, to its present adversity. Other towns and climates have been discovered which are more efficacious in curing maladies, and in filling the pockets of the adventurous physician. For my part, as I walked along the rows of trees which line the promenade, decorated with its fountain and elegant temple, and caught distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, the Alps, and Pyrenees, with fragments of decayed aqueducts breaking through the foliage of the middle distance, I envied the persons who came to lay their bones amongst such beautiful imagery. As I was sketching a portion of the scene, I was addressed by an English gentleman, who, to my no small surprise, I discovered was one to whom I had a letter of introduction, when he politely offered to show me what was to be seen about the place. Making a circuit round the town, we visited the Botanical Gardens, a favourite haunt of the English, and which, with their cool shady walks, and thousand beautiful specimens of rare exotics, and little ponds of clear spring water filled with gold and silver fish, offer attractions of no mean description during the warm summer months. Here, in a little sequestered nook, almost hid by shrubbery, Young the poet's daughter lies buried, with this simple inscription, carved upon as simple a tomb:—

"Placidis Narcissæ muribus."

the unaffected pathos of which must strike every one. As we walked along the broad strait avenues strewn with fallen leaves, multitudes of various sized lizards were rustling about. There is no better proof of the existence of a warm dry climate than this. In Italy, they are so numerous that they often find their way into the houses. They are perfectly harmless and very beautiful; they are generally of a dark green, with black spots on the back, and a yellowish white on the belly; their eyes are two little brilliant sparks, which often startle you, peeping from amongst the leaves, and their motions are quick as thought, and very elegant. It was here, too, that I first observed aloes in flower in the open air, another rather convincing proof of the climate's salubrity. The chief objection to Montpellier as a residence, appeared to me its size and bustle; it is too large and too noisy for a retirement, unless one lives some way in the country, and many neat cottages may be had at very low rates. The town has nothing striking in point of buildings:

the theatre is, of course, one of the most conspicuous, and in the museum there are some good paintings. I dined at my friend's house, where every thing was cooked and served à l'Anglais; so that I have nothing to say but that the English, go where they may, live quite at home, seeing as little of foreign manners and society as if they had never moved from their arm chairs.

The following day I found myself at Nismes; and though I did not spend many hours in it, I saw enough to make me delighted with it. As a place of residence, it appeared to me preferable to any town I had yet visited. The streets are wide, yet rendered shady by rows of trees. The promenades are truly magnificent, and the antiquities, as far as they go, as interesting as any thing in Italy. The amphitheatre, which, on a small scale, is almost a model of that of Vespasian at Rome, is more perfect than it, and sufficiently large to have a character of dignity and grandeur; but the Temple of Diana, or, as the French absurdly enough term it, "*La Maison Quarrée*," is a finer example of a Roman temple than exists any where in Italy. Indeed, its purity and elegance is quite Greek. I was sorry to observe a troop of workmen busily repairing it. It is as dangerous an experiment to touch a decaying building, as to retouch an ancient picture. The possession of these two real gems of art seems to have given a proper direction to the minds of the architects of Nismes, for the public buildings have much more purity than the general run of those one sees in France. As I stood near the office of the diligence, a scene happened not many yards from me, which may seem to illustrate the French character: One of the National Guard, using the most insulting language to a man who was known to be a Carlist, and, declaring that he had no right to wear mustachios, offered to cut them off, the other resisted; a scuffle ensued, which ended by the guardsman driving his sword through the other's heart. The assassin was instantly seized, but had not the military made their appearance on the instant, so strong was the feeling of the bystanders in favour of his cause, that he would have been as immediately rescued. However, he was conveyed to prison under a strong guard; the colonel made a speech to the crowd, and the people withdrew. About fifteen minutes after this incident, I observed a very shabby and beautiful woman pass hurriedly along with oysters on a wooden board, followed by twenty or thirty people. Upon inquiry I found that this was the wife of the murderer, on her way to her husband's cell, with some crumbs of comfort as a solace for his loss of liberty. Had I not seen the whole transaction, I could scarcely have believed that even French philosophy could have gone so far. During my ride to Marseilles, being in the interior of the diligence with three Frenchmen, I found that politics at the moment run so high, that an act which, in the eye of reason and justice, could only be considered as an unprovoked murder, was regarded in the light of a heroic deed, and the murderer rather canonized than reprobated.

Marseilles has been justly termed Europe in miniature, for here one sees samples of all nations, from the turbaned Turk, and opium-devouring Arab, to the furred and oily Russian. The harbour is always crowded with vessels—the strange looking crafts of the Algerines, the broad bottoms and low masts of the Dutch, Italian feluccas, and English jolly-boats, all mingled together in picturesque proximity. Flags of all shapes and colours "flout the sky," and the hoarse bawling of the crews, in almost every living tongue, is continued from morning to night. The quays, which stretch round with two gigantic horns, are gay, with shops displaying all sorts of merchandise, from the gold dust, feathers, and perfumes of Arabia, to the muslin and cotton goods of Macclesfield and Paisley. There is nothing which the most extensive imagination could wish for, that is not displayed in the gay windows—costly silks, gems, bright plumaged birds, fruits of delicious odour, spices, gum, spirits, and wines of the finest growths, pipes with amber shafts, and merechaume bowls, and tobacco of the most fragrant flavour, curling in white volumes from the open doors of the coffee-houses, where sit the merchants and ship-owners, enjoying their small cups of high-flavoured coffee. I wondered about, as it were, in a dream; the Tales of a Hundred and One seemed to be at length realized, when I was brought to my senses by a poor half-starved wretch craving a sou. The town is divided into old and new, the portion encircling the harbour belonging to the former. The streets of the latter are very fine and broad, and showy, rising very rapidly from the harbour till they terminate in the public promenade, which put me somewhat in mind of the Calton-hill of Edinburgh. From this point a noble view of the town and Mediterranean is obtained—the harbour being finely covered, and defended by a number of small islands. In the evening I strolled into several of the coffee-houses, which were crowded to the doors with Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Spaniards, Franks, Irish, English, and Scotch. There was a perpetual rattle of billiard balls, dominoes, and dice boxes, a strumming of guitars, gitternas, and harps, a singing of ballads, drinking of punch, coffee, sherbet, and lemonade, a selling and buying, and talking without end. The long-bearded Turk sat next to the smooth-lipped Frank, and smoked his costly

hookah, whilst the other puffed his cigars. There was no lack of fair sellers of bijous and bon-bons, who dispersed all around the sweetest smiles in the world. Again I thought of the Tales of the Hundred and One, when the desperate curse of some unfortunate gambler dispelled the illusion for the second time.

THE HALLOWEEN PROPHECY,

A TALE.

ONE of the most intimate acquaintances of my youth was a Mr Henderson, a young man of gentle and pleasing manners, highly accomplished, and more than ordinarily handsome in his person. Mr Henderson, who was left in comfortable circumstances by his father, resided on a small property of his own, about ten miles distant from Glasgow. My acquaintance with him was formed in our boyhood, when we were at the grammar school together; and after finishing our curriculum, we went together to college, where our boyish intimacy ripened into the steady friendship of manhood. Henderson's father was at this time in life—a kind-hearted man, and an indulgent parent; and it was with no small delight that the honest man hailed our arrival at Telford House on the Saturday forenoon, James being in the habit of carrying me down with him every Saturday to his father's house, where we remained until the Monday following; and joyously and happily did we spend these delightful intervals of study. Time wore on, and the joys and happiness of youth were rudely driven aside, and their place supplied by the thoughts and cares of advancing life. Our course at the university was completed; Henderson's father died, and he left Glasgow to reside on and manage the property to which he had succeeded; and I entered into business. These changes, however, did not interrupt our friendship; I still went—but not so frequently, because my avocations could not admit of it—to Telford House, and was still received, when I did go, with the warmest welcome. Henderson, too, came occasionally to Glasgow to see me, sleeping generally a night in my house when he came. Then we talked over bygone days, and the departed visions of our boyhood.

Neither of us had, after all, much to regret in the past, unless it were the romantic reveries of youth, for in worldly circumstances we had both greatly improved; and as far as the ability to command all the conveniences of life can make men happy, we were so. "Now, Borland," said Henderson to me, as he was in the act of mounting his horse to return home, after spending a night with me; "Now, Borland," he said, extending his hand, "you promise that you will be with us the day after to-morrow." (I had made such a promise the night preceding.) "Come, now, give me your hand on it; they are all wearying their lives out at the House to see you." Those whom he described as desirous to see me, were his mother, two paternal aunts, and an only sister, all of whom resided with him. I gave my friend the renewed pledge which he solicited for my appearance at Telford, and on the day appointed redeemed it. On my arrival, I was met by the whole crowd of the inmates, with my friend at their head, each striving who should be first to welcome me. On being ushered into the parlour, the first thing that attracted my notice was its splendid new furniture. The room, with every stool, chair, and picture in it, had, from long acquaintance, become as familiar to me as any of the inmates themselves: this new plenishing, therefore, instantly caught my notice. I did not, however, make any allusion to the circumstance, until, in going into my friend's dressing-room, whither he and I shortly after retired, I found it, also, newly and elegantly furnished; indeed, I had perceived, as we came along the passage of the house, that the dining-room also had undergone a similar change for the better. "What, James," said I, when we were alone together, and looking at the same time significantly on the costly furniture around me—"a wife, eh? Is it come then to this at last?" My poor friend blushed. "A wife! nonsense; what puts that in your head, Borland?" said he; "Is it because I've got a few new sticks of furniture into the house? Can you conceive no possible motive for that but a wife?" "O yes," I replied, "I can conceive many motives besides; but such a proceeding in the case of a young rich bachelor like you, is always held as a legitimate ground of suspicion." "Poh, poh! nonsense, nonsense," replied my friend; "the whole affair is this: the old furniture was getting very shabby, as you yourself must acknowledge; it was so in my poor father's time; but he, worthy man, though liberal in every thing else, could never be induced to buy either a new chair or a new carpet; and now, as he is removed, I have taken the liberty of pleasing myself in this particular, with the full consent, however," he added laughingly, "of my privy council—my mother, my sister, and my two aunts."

The conversation on this subject now dropped, but I could not help thinking, from the confused manner of my friend, and from certain other symptoms which I perceived, that I had after all hit the right nail upon the head, but I could not conceive why he should have concealed from me, his dearest and most intimate friend, as I knew I was, an event of such importance, and I felt rather hurt at this apparent want of confidence; however, I avoided all further allusion to the subject, as well from the feeling last mentioned, as from motives of delicacy toward my friend. Soon after this,

we walked out till the dinner hour should arrive. My friend was in high spirits, and well he might; he was still in the hey-day of youth; his circumstances were ample, and his management of them uncontrolled; his person, as we have already said, was eminently handsome, and he possessed, withal, a lively and cheerful disposition. In short, almost every requisite for the enjoyment of the utmost earthly felicity was in the possession of my enviable friend, and well did he deserve them all; for of what he had, he freely gave; nay, he was generous to a fault. The dinner hour having arrived, we returned to the house, where we now found assembled three or four gentlemen, neighbours of my friend's, whom he had, on my account, invited to dine with us. After dinner, the glass circulated freely; for our warm-hearted host led us from bottle to bottle with that sort of cunning hospitality, which was rather a virtue of the past than of the current age.

The tide of enjoyment was still rolling on in full career, when, during a short interval in our now somewhat noisy hilarity, I thought I heard an unusual noise in the apartment immediately above us; the noise, however, was by no means of an alarming kind; it appeared to me to be the obstreperous romping of a parcel of youngsters. "James," said I, "we are not the only guests in the house, I think—there's surely a rival establishment up stairs." "There is, indeed," said my friend; "and, upon my word, I had entirely forgotten them—a parcel of young friends whom my worthy aunts have brought together to burn nuts and duck for apples: don't you know this is Hallow-eve, Borland?" added my friend. "No, upon my word," said I, "I did not advert to it; but since it is so, let us have a handful of nuts, and we will try our luck too." "With all my heart," said our host. "But had we not better go up in a body to the scene of incantation—there's an old sybil amongst them, invited for the special purpose of reading to the young folks the various signs and indications of this privileged night." At once we all started, and, headed by our host, rushed up stairs, and in the next instant were in amongst the youngsters. They had already gone through the greater part of the ceremonies of the evening; they had pulled stocks, burnt nuts, and were now, when we entered, collected, with earnest and somewhat awe-stricken faces, round a table, on which stood two or three wine-glasses full of pure water. They were, in fact, about to commence the ceremony of dropping the egg—a ceremony which our Scotch readers know is performed by puncturing a fresh egg with a pin, when the person whose future destiny is to be read holds it over a glass of pure water, into which he allows a few drops from the egg to fall; the glass is then held up to the candle, and some important event in the future life of the inquirer is found exhibited hieroglyphically in the glass—the egg-droppings assuming an endless variety of shapes, in which the skillful in these matters discover a resemblance to things which, by association, again point out coming circumstances and events. We now, then, all tried our fortunes after the most approved manner of egg-dropping, by the direction and under the superintendence of the ancient sybil already alluded to, and who, indeed, looked the very *beau ideal* of a foreteller of the future. She was old, shrivelled, and haggard—had a shrill voice, and was withal marvellously loquacious; but she seemed to be in earnest, and to be deeply impressed with the solemnities which were going forward, and was more than once highly displeased with what she considered our irreverence for these matters, and the unbecoming and ill-timed levity with which we heard each other's fortune foretold. We had all now tried our luck, with various results, but our host, who, I thought, seemed rather disinclined to go through the ceremony; and, indeed, he finally endeavoured to back out altogether by a forced joke. We all urged him on, however, and at length fairly drove him to the experiment. "Come awa, Mr James; come awa, my bonny man—excuse me for speaking that way, Mr James, but ye ken I've kent ye sin ye was a bairn, and hae dandled ye many a time on my knee. Come awa, and let us see what luck is to be yours. I'm sure it'll be gowd in goppins, and true love to brook it—a bonny lady wi' a bonnier tocher." Whilst the old woman was speaking, our host, having advanced close to the table, was in the act of dropping, and, I thought, with rather an unsteady hand, the egg into the glass. This done—"Here, Janet," he said, with an affected laugh, and at the same time handing the glass to her across the table—"now give me all the good things of this life—let not one be wanting, on your peril." We all awaited in silence the announcement of our friend's future fortune—I say in silence, because, in despite, and of our contempt, abstractedly speaking, of the fooleries in which we were engaged, we felt a degree of interest, nay, of awe, stealing in upon us, which gradually allayed the light spirit with which we had entered the apartment. The old woman had now gently raised the glass between her eye and the candle, and, having peered through it for a second, "Eh, guide guide us, sirs!" she exclaimed; "what's this we have here: but it canna be—it canna be—let me see," and she looked with an increased intensity at the fatal signs. "Ay, ay," she again said, "it's but over true. My bairn! my bairn!" she added; and, laying down the glass on the table, "are ye sure it was your glass ye gae me?" "Sure enough, Janet,"

replied our host; "what's all this fuss about?" "What is it, Janet? What is it? What is it?" now burst from both old and young, all being wound up to a pitch of the most intense interest, to know what was that fate which Janet's expressions so portentously and fearfully hinted at. "I insist on knowing," said our friend, striking his hand on the table with a sort of good-natured energy; for he was, or affected to be, laughing the while. "I insist upon it," he said, "for the edification of all present. Come, then, Janet; any thing you like, short of premature death and ruin, and crossed love." "But it's short o' neither, my bairn," said the old woman gravely and seriously, entrapped, as it were, into an avowal of what she would have refused to a direct inquiry, and as effectually affording the required information by negative assertion, as she could have done by positive. "It's short o' neither: there's a winding-sheet there," she went on, pointing to the glass, her pride in her skill, and her desire to exhibit it, getting the better of every other feeling; "there's a winding-sheet there," she said, "wi' a fearful rent in it; and that, ye ken, betokens a violent death: there's a!" Here, perceiving that the thing was getting rather serious, I suddenly burst in with an affected shout of hilarity, overturned the glass, talked loudly and obstreperously, and insisted upon our adjourning to the apartment we had left, to have another bottle of our friend's old port. The other gentlemen present, perceiving my motives, and sympathising with the feeling, instantly seconded me; and we all, with a wild but assumed glee, hurriedly descended to the room where we had dined. The bottle was, indeed, again resumed, but none of the mirth of the early part of the evening; a weight seemed to have been laid upon the spirits of us all, which nothing could remove—an oppression which seemed to increase rather than abate with the wine which we swallowed. We all felt the absurdity of permitting such a frivolous circumstance as the egg-dropping to depress us; but we could not hide from ourselves the fact that it had depressed us, and that we could not overcome the impressions which it had made. Under this feeling, and after our host had made some ineffectual attempts—ineffectual, because it was evident they were forced—to restore the gaiety of the evening, the party broke up, each went his own way, and I retired to bed. "Confound that old hag," said my friend, just as I was about to part with him for the night; "she has spoiled our evening's enjoyment with her nonsense. Wasn't it evident," he said, "that our friends were damped by the fooleries up stairs?" I avoided any direct answer, said we had spent a pleasant night, and if there was any feeling of the kind he alluded to, a night's sleep would entirely remove it. I met my friend and his family next morning at breakfast, but, in the case of the former, I still thought I perceived some remains of the influence of the last night's proceedings; indeed, he more than once alluded to the circumstance during our meal, and, after some banter on the subject, fairly allowed, what indeed he could not well conceal, that, in despite of the contempt with which he viewed such things, he could not help the idea of the rent winding-sheet still retaining its hold on his imagination.

Soon after this we parted. I mounted my horse to return to Glasgow, and we met no more during the space of ten long years. On the very day after leaving my friend's house, I was suddenly summoned to London, on some urgent and important business connected with the house in which I was a partner. On reaching London, the same business which brought me there demanded my instant departure for South America, where a branch of our house was established, and where it was deemed necessary for the interest of our concern that I should remain.

Previous to leaving Glasgow, I wrote my friend, intimating my departure to London; and I again wrote him from the latter place, informing him of my further destination, and requesting that a regular correspondence might be kept up between us. For some years this correspondence was regular. My friend's letters were filled with sentiments of affection and esteem, and always concluded with expressions of regret for our separation, and of ardent desire for a meeting once more at Telford House. At length, however, longer and longer intervals gradually occurred, on his part, in our correspondence. Sometimes two and three of my letters remained at one time unanswered, and, finally, he ceased altogether to make any reply. Finding this, I also stopped short; and for the last four or five years that I was abroad, we heard nothing from or of each other. I must acknowledge, however, that, from various circumstances, I was prepared for some unfavourable change in the habits, disposition, or fortunes of my friend. There was an incoherence in some of his last letters, for which I could not account, and which was greatly at variance with the concise and elegant style in which he had always previously written; and sometimes, too, I thought his letters had the appearance of having been written with an unsteady hand.

In 18—, I returned to Glasgow, after an absence, as already alluded to, of ten years. I had made up my mind to go down to Telford on the third day after my arrival. This intention, however, I was not left to carry into effect. About twelve o'clock of the night following my return, the family with whom I lived were startled by a loud and violent knocking at the door. I, too, listened with some intent, to ascertain

who it could be who sought admittance at such an unseasonable hour, and with so much vehemence. After two or three words of inquiry on both sides before opening the door, and in which I thought I recognised the voice which answered from without, the applicant was admitted, and my poor friend Henderson stood before me. But what a change! His dress was shabby in the extreme; but there was still a miserable attempt at something like gentility, but which had sunk into a sort of vulgar buckishness, a dirty ill-coloured neckcloth, in particular, having been put on with a decided aim at effect. The night, too, was extremely wet, and my unhappy friend seemed to have been exposed to it for a length of time; he was drenched to the skin, and discoloured streams of water poured down his face from the broken ragged rims of his hat—circumstances which added much to the wretchedness of his appearance. His countenance, too, was pale and haggard, and his whole frame enfeebled and emaciated; and, to complete the humiliating picture of human frailty, he was much intoxicated. Such, then, was *now* the appearance and condition of him who had once been so refined in his manner, so elegant in person, and so gentleman-like in all his habits and pursuits. Conscious, however, as he of course must have been, of the effect of his altered appearance, he yet endeavoured to carry through the interview with a sort of boisterous levity, affecting still the easy careless manner of the gentleman. He talked loud and incessantly, and this with the view, evidently, of at once withdrawing my attention from the wretched state of his apparel, and of precluding all reflections on or allusion to his present deplorable condition. "Ah, Borland," he said, extending his hand to me on entering my room; "and how the devil are you, my boy? Glad to see you; as for me, I am a ruined man. I am cleared out. I am dished and undone, to all intents and purposes; and, what is a thousand times worse, I have ruined every one connected with me. I have beggared my mother; I have beggared my sister; and my poor aunts I have robbed of every sixpence they had. I have ruined them all, Borland, I have ruined them all," he said, with increasing agitation, while a tear trickled down his wan cheek. "How, James?" said I, affecting, in order to save his feelings, a surprise which I did not feel, since I had already conjectured the worst which he could possibly confirm. "How?" he repeated; "why, with a foolish speculation in cotton, which a friend in Glasgow here induced me to enter into; he is ruined, too, poor fellow. We bought a large quantity of cotton at a high price, shipped it to America, with a fair prospect of 100 per cent. profit. Peace was announced—the American market was thrown open—prices fell 200 per cent.—and we were ruined—that's all; the story's simple and short enough, but you may believe, that, for me at least, it does not want interest." With this, my lost friend swallowed what remained in his tumbler, and demanded more. The evil spirit which misfortune had engendered within him, was again awakened. I now positively refused, though in gentle terms, to supply him with more liquor; for I had already given him some. "It will save me from perdition—it will save me from myself: give it me!" he said imploringly, holding towards me the glass which he had just emptied. I could not resist the appeal. I mixed up a little more for him, reconciling myself to the impropriety of doing so, by coming to a determination of detaining him all night. Having instantly drank off the second supply with which I furnished him, he again began to talk in the wild manner in which he had first opened our interview. "I say, Borland," he said, "do you recollect of the old hag, and the torn winding-sheet? Ha! ha! Was it not a good joke that? Here I'm now, hale and stout as ever I was, as you may see; and the old devil herself has been in her winding-sheet for the last seven years—Ha, ha, ha! It was her own winding-sheet the jade saw, and she palmed it upon me. A violent death, too, you recollect, Borland. No, no—hang it, I'm too light-hearted a fellow for that!" and he began to troll a Bacchanalian song, of which the burden was,

"We'll live as long's we can, my boys—
We'll live as long's we can."

Soon after this, though not without some difficulty, I got poor Henderson put to bed. For myself, I lay awake the greater part of the night, musing on past events, and on the melancholy change which had taken place in every thing which regarded the welfare of my unhappy friend, and in part, too, occupied by considering how I could serve him. I came to the resolution of attempting to reclaim him, and, with this view, determined to keep him constantly under my own eye, and I derived much pleasure from contemplating the details of my undertaking. I proposed, in the first place, to fit him out with new clothes; next, to make arrangements for his stopping in the same house with me; and, lastly, to find him employment in my own counting-house. Still full of these plans and ideas when I awakened in the morning, I threw on my clothes, and hastened to my friend's bedroom, to break the matter to him, and to lay my whole plan before him, without any further idle delicacy. I tapped at his door—no answer. I walked into the apartment; looked into the bed—it was unoccupied; Henderson was gone. I instantly summoned the girl—inquired what was become of the gentleman who had lodged in the house all night; she told me that he had left the house fully two hours before, without saying a word, or leaving any message for me. At a

loss what to make of this incident, I waited the whole day for a repetition of his visit; but he came not. The day wore away, night advanced, and still no intelligence of my friend. At length a similar tapping, and about the same hour, too, at which he had called the preceding night, seemed to promise the expected visit. It was not, however, so; but it was a still more affecting one. This was his mother and sister, who had also heard of my arrival. James, they said, had been missing for three days and nights. He had left Telford House (for they had still contrived to keep possession of that part of their property) on Monday morning, and this was Thursday night, and they had heard nothing of him all that time. In short, I now learned, besides being confirmed in all he had already told me, that he was in the habit of stealing up to Glasgow for a day or so now and then, and that he spent that time in the most reckless dissipation, borrowing from whoever would lend him, and drinking with whoever would supply him with liquor. His rambles, however, of this kind, had never before exceeded one entire day; his prolonged absence, therefore, on this occasion, had thrown his poor relatives into the most dreadful state of alarm; and it was in this state they now came to me, in the hope that he also had heard of my arrival, and that I might have been the cause of his detention. Their alarm, then, it will readily be believed, was not a little increased when I informed them of what had occurred regarding the object of their search. After partaking of a little refreshment, which I insisted on placing before them, as they seemed both to be much exhausted and fatigued, Miss Henderson, looking significantly at her mother, proposed that they should depart; to this, of course, I could not listen, but entreated that they should remain within my house all night. This proposal brought out the truth, and explained the look which I detected passing between mother and daughter. They knew poor Henderson's haunts, and, late as the hour was, they had determined to search them all. This determination, though with some reluctance and hesitation, they at length acknowledged, and I insisted upon accompanying them. We soon after sallied forth, and, guided by them, proceeded towards a well-known quarter of the town called the Bridgegate, in which there are yet a great number of public houses of the very lowest order. From this quarter we descended to a place yet further down in the scale of respectability, consisting of a crowd of low miserable houses, nearer the river, and occupying part of the ground on which the new slaughter-house now stands—a locality which will be well recollected by many of our Glasgow readers, and which it is not of sufficient importance to our story to describe more minutely to others. Here Miss Henderson inquired for a house which her brother had been heard often to name; it was pointed out to us—a blackguard-looking and miserable hovel it was. We asked the landlady, a stout vulgar-looking woman, if a Mr Henderson was there. "Oh, the drunken wight," she replied, "I hope ye've come to tak him awa; he has been lying up in my best room for the last two hours, and has only drank yae gill a' the time. I kenna what he's about, but he has spoken to nobody here, nor scarcely moved sin' ever he cam' in"—and with this she rudely flung up the door of one of her apartments, where indeed we found poor Henderson. When we entered, he was seated at a table, his hands thrust into his pockets, and himself drooping forwards in a state apparently of utter insensibility—the scene was altogether one of the most wretched that can be conceived. The room, in the first place, was an excessively miserable one—one of the most wretched of its kind; the candle which burnt before him was consumed nearly to the socket, exhibiting little more than a tall black wick, which had not been snuffed for two hours; on the table stood a glass and an empty gill measure, and, to complete the picture, my unfortunate friend himself was the very picture of low dissipation and squalid poverty. Not much surprised by the state in which I found him, I seized him by the arm, shook him, and desired him to come along with us. For some time all my efforts could not rouse him from the lethargy which seemed to overpower him; at length he muttered something—I could not make out what. I again shook him. "James," said I, "here are your mother and sister." Without taking any notice of what I said, or attempting to raise his head, which still drooped on his breast—"Borland," he said, in a slow and distinct, though hollow tone, "I have taken poison!" "Good Heavens, James," said I, "what do you mean?—poison did you say?—have you taken poison?" "Yes, I say," he replied in the same collected manner, "I have taken poison—I am a dead man." The feelings and condition of his mother and sister on this dreadful announcement, I leave to the reader's imagination, and confine myself entirely to the part I myself acted in this fearful tragedy. "What kind of poison have you taken, James?" said I, for I had no doubt of its truth, from the solemn and impressive manner in which he announced it. "Laudanum," he replied; "and I have thrown the phial out of the window there, where you will find it, if you do not believe me." I immediately rushed out, found the phial as he had described, and bringing it in, asked him, in the vain hope that he might not have taken a sufficient quantity to produce death, how much laudanum there had been in it. "It was up to that," he said, now more alive to what was passing, and placing the point of his

thumb better than half-way to the neck of the bottle. Without saying more than desiring my unfortunate friend's relations to remain until I returned, I now hastened on in search of a surgeon's shop, keeping the point of one of my fingers at that part of the phial which Henderson had marked as the height of the fatal liquid. Soon finding such a shop as I sought, I rushed in, and, holding up the phial, in breathless agitation asked the gentleman whom I found there what the consequence would be if a person took that quantity of laudanum, still marking the fatal spot with my finger on the bottle. "Why," said the surgeon calmly, and with a faint smile, excited no doubt by my trepidation, of which he did not fully conceive the cause, "the consequence would be, sir, certain death; that quantity of laudanum would kill an elephant." "Then, for God's sake, sir," said I, "come along with me instantly;" and without further explanation on my part, or inquiry on his, he immediately proceeded to the house in which I had left my unfortunate friend. The fact of his having swallowed the poison was now established, and the usual means employed in such cases was resorted to. I now hired a chaise, and had him removed to my lodgings, where, for two days, we entertained hopes of his final recovery; for, during all that time, he not only survived the effects of the poison, but appeared to have entirely gotten the better of it. Indeed, so far had he recovered, that I even ventured to joke with him on the subject, in a confident hope of his ultimate restoration. "Why, man," said I to him, "since you were so bent on self-destruction, did you not throw yourself into the Clyde, which runs so clear, deep, and temptingly past your door, instead of swallowing that vile insidious abomination, laudanum?" "O confound it, Borland," replied my poor friend, entering into the spirit of my sarcasm, and now clinging eagerly to life, "I never liked the idea of dying in a puddle; and the Clyde is nothing better after all, especially at the House, where, you know, it is as dark, dull, and lazy as a canal stealing sullenly along between its muddy banks, covered with slime and reeds; pagh! pagh! I could never think of such a dog's death as that." With such light conversation as this, and such high hopes of my poor friend's ultimate recovery, the second day of his confinement passed away; the third came, and with it came a fearful change. All the efforts of the physicians had been in vain; they had prolonged life, but they could not secure it. The poison had taken such a hold as no skill could loosen. On that day I entered my poor friend's bed-room as usual, about ten o'clock of the forenoon, just before going to the counting-house. "How do you feel to-day, you lazy fellow?" said I, in that spirit of levity which I had assumed in order to cheer him. "Open the shutter," said Henderson, with a gravity and solemnity which startled me, and without paying any attention to my inquiry. "Open the shutter," he said, "and let me see the sun." I did so; and his rays, for it was a bright and beautiful morning, streamed full on the bed of the now dying man. "That will do," he said, after gazing intently for a few seconds on the cheerful object which he had desired to see. "That will do; put to the shutter again." I obeyed. "What day of the month is this?" inquired my friend again. "The 21st of October," said I. "The 21st day of October," he repeated slowly, and with a particular emphasis. "Ay, the 21st day of October," he reiterated. "Borland," he then added, "do you recollect the winding-sheet, the rent winding-sheet?" "I do," said I, "but what puts that nonsense into your head just now?" "It is no nonsense, Borland," he rejoined solemnly; "the prediction is about to be verified." After this, Henderson never spoke another word, and, in two hours afterwards, he gently expired.

PHILIPHAUGH.

Ox the day of the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Traquair departed from his house in Tweeddale, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers, and advanced towards Selkirk with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces. As they crossed Minchmoor, they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and regularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of Leslie's dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flung it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants began to drain not long ago, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

Column for Little Girls.

I HAVE great pleasure in addressing you, my dear young friends, in the hope of contributing to your instruction and amusement; and I trust this will be read by many sensible little girls, who are not only anxious to be diverted, but also to learn how to make their parents happy, and to be so themselves.

Now, the way to attain these desirable ends is, in the first place, to remember that God has given the care of you to your parents, and commanded you to obey them who love you so tenderly, and who, from having been so long in the world, have so much more experience than you can have of what is good for you; and, in the next place, to endeavour to learn all you can while you are young, that you may always have food for mind and body as long as you live. I say, food for the body as well as the mind; for, though your parents should now be rich, yet every one knows that many rich people have been deprived of their money by unexpected misfortunes, and that their children have been obliged to earn their own bread. And if this should ever be the case with you, my dear little girls, how happy you will be then to think that you have learned something to keep you from being obliged to the charity of others! Most of you, I suppose, can repeat by heart Doctor Watts's beautiful hymn of "The Busy Bee," and have read the fable of the "Ant and the Grasshopper." Both of these are excellent lessons on this subject; and if you do not already know them, I beg you will get them directly. I suppose that many of you who may read this have done playing with dolls; but to you who have not, I would recommend your endeavouring to make their clothes as neatly as possible, and to seek instruction from your mothers or elder sisters how to cut out their garments, in the same way as if to be worn by yourselves. To you who have done with dolls I would say, that I hope you have substituted some of the many instructive amusements which are now provided for children; such as reading the nice little books which describe the trades, and tell from what part of the world the materials of things come which are in common use, and how they are made. Playing with historical and geographical cards, putting together those geographical maps which take to pieces, and require a knowledge of the position of each country to put them together again, is also a nice amusement. And I hope you are making yourselves acquainted with the history of the inferior animals, and of such insects as the bee, the ant, and the silk-worm, from which you may learn many useful lessons. And now I will tell you a story of a little girl, who did all I have been recommending to you, and who came, by her own good behaviour, and the blessing which God always sends upon good children, to be very prosperous.

There was a poor widow woman, who lived in a small town in Scotland, and who had seen better days, for her husband had once been rich, though she was now reduced, by many misfortunes, to keep a school for poor people's children. This poor woman had but one child of her own, which was very fortunate, as she found it so difficult to provide shelter, and food, and clothing for herself and it, that I know not what she would have done with more. But her little Catharine, instead of being a burden, was a great comfort to her; for this infant, when only two or three years old, if she saw her mother sit down and cry, which she sometimes did when she thought of her destitute state, used to climb up on her knee, and pat her with her little hands, and kiss her eyes, her cheeks, and her mouth. And then the poor woman would feel soothed, and hope that the infant would grow up to be a comfort to her, and be angry with herself for giving way to her grief, and thank God for the blessing of health; and then she would kiss her dear little child, and hug it in her arms, and go to work again for it and herself. But very often people who sent their children to be taught by her were as poor as herself, and gave her very little, and she was so sorry for them, that she still continued to teach them, and just took what they could give. Now, Catharine, as she grew older, and had learned how to read a little, and hem a handkerchief, tried to help her mother to teach; and very often, when a poor little girl came crying with hunger to school, she gave her the half of the potatoes that were for her own dinner. Catharine was so careful of her clothes, and of keeping herself clean, that she always looked as if she was newly washed and dressed. She went on learning all her mother could teach her, which was reading, writing, and arithmetic; and improving her knowledge in all these branches, even beyond her mother, by means of books, which some kind people lent her, for she was loved by her neighbours, and remarked for a sweet-tempered, dutiful, and obliging little girl; and yet she never made what is called companions of the children round her, because she knew she could learn more good at home; and, besides this, she had very little time to spare from helping her mother. Thus Catharine went on perfectly content, without amusement, except what she found in her books, till a person, with whom she was acquainted, gave her some silk-worms' eggs upon a bit of paper, and instructed her how they were to be hatched, and how to manage them afterwards. This was something quite new to the little girl; for she had often read about them, but had never seen any. So she did as she was directed, and, to her great delight, she saw the eggs all come to life. Then she made some pasteboard boxes, and put the little worms into them, and kept them clean, and made so many experiments in giving them different kinds of leaves for food, and observed all their ways so narrowly, from the very time of the eggs hatching till she wound their silk, and read again so much about them, that she became acquainted with all that is known concerning them.

Now, in the same town where Catharine lived there was a large palace of a house, inhabited by a nobleman, who had three daughters, and these young ladies kept silk-worms, as well as their humble little neighbour. But they had so many lessons to get, and so many other things to amuse them, that though they were very fond at first of their silk-worms, and used to spend whole hours in looking at and attending to them, yet at last they tired of the occupation; and, indeed, their becoming so numerous was another reason for this; and when they saw them increase so fast, they put them into a room, fitted up entirely for the purpose, and determined to keep so many, that they might have each a dress made from their silk to appear in at court, when their papa allowed them to be presented. This was but a foolish fancy, but they were indulged in it. The poor silk-worms were, however, often neglected; for they were trusted to the housemaids, who, besides being very ignorant about them, had not time to pay them the attention they required, while they were prevented, by the time they occupied, from doing their own work properly. This obliged the housekeeper to complain; and then it was that one of the ladies' maids, who loved Catharine, recommended her to the young ladies as a proper person to look after the silk-worms, and she was immediately sent for. Now, these ladies were not much in the habit of

talking to people in Catharine's humble rank, and therefore promised themselves some amusement from her bashful awkwardness. They were, however, as much surprised and pleased by her unaffected modesty and propriety of conduct, and so struck with the well-informed manner in which she answered all their questions, that they took a great fancy to her; and having engaged her, with her mother's consent, to attend on their silk-worms, they gave her a great many nice clothes, which she took care to make in a fashion becoming her station, so that there was not a mean-looking girl in the whole town. These young ladies had a very excellent woman for a governess, and she grew so fond of Catharine for her good qualities, that she thought it a great pity she should not have more instruction, and was so kind as to give her lessons every evening when she had done her duty for the day. Catharine made such good use of this advantage, and improved so fast, that in a year or two, when the fancy about the court dresses was given up, and the silk-worms diminished, she was grown so much in favour with her young ladies, that they offered to pay masters out of their own pocket-money, that she might be sufficiently perfected to become a governess. You may be sure that poor Catharine most thankfully and gratefully accepted of this offer, and that she applied herself so diligently to her studies, that she was ready, in a wonderfully short time, for her new employment. Nor did the kind young ladies, who had already done her so much good, stop there; for they got her into a family of their acquaintance to educate two little girls. Here she still took so much pains to improve herself in the various accomplishments she had been taught, and to acquire others, that the family had no occasion to change her for another governess, till she was married to a young clergyman, who knew all her history, and loved her entirely for her goodness. All the time Catharine lived in the nobleman's house, and while she was a governess, she went to see her mother as often as she could, and never spent a sixpence on herself that she could help, but gave it all to her; and when she was married, her mother went to live with her in her nice manse, and blessed her dutiful daughter every day of her life, and, what was much better, prayed to God to bless her.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH.

THE intelligent Mr Thackrah, in his useful little work on the effects of the principal arts, trades, and professions, and from which we have already extracted some passages for the benefit of the working-classes, thus adverts to the employments in which the substances or odours evolved seem to be beneficial, generally or partially:—

"To assert (says he) the existence of such an effect may seem a contradiction to the statement before made, that whatever alters the natural constitution of the atmosphere, must be proportionately injurious. But it should be remembered, that injurious agents sometimes counteract each other. Medicine is in itself an evil. Remedies often induce unnatural states, but these states supersede others much more serious and permanent. Toman in a perfectly healthy condition, no substance arising from manufacture can be useful; but men living in a large town, and with the habits of civil life, are generally unhealthy; and hence certain vapours or other substances may be decidedly beneficial in exciting their languid powers, or correcting the disposition to disease.

RAPE AND MUSTARD CRUSHERS inhale a peculiar odour from the seeds which they grind. This seems to act as a stimulant on the nervous and circulatory system: for men fresh to the employ find their appetite and vigour increased. The heat of the room is considerable, often reaching 80° in summer. Though addicted to intemperance, the men employed in oil-mills are generally healthy. We remarked one man between 70 and 80 years of age, who had been all his life at the employ, and was remarkably strong and robust.

BRUSHMAKERS have a sedentary occupation, but their arms are actively exerted. Some dust arises from the bristles; and sometimes carbonic acid gas is rather freely evolved from the charcoal fire which heats the pitch. But the chief peculiarity of the employ is the vapour of the pitch. This has a sanative effect in bronchial affections, as chronic catarrh, and in some forms of asthma. The workmen are generally free from disease. Several in Leeds have been at the employ for thirty years; and instances are mentioned of brushmakers reaching the ages of 80 and 90.

GROOMS and HOSTLERS daily inhale a large quantity of ammoniacal gas generated in the stables. This appears beneficial rather than injurious. They have, moreover, full and varied muscular exertion, and, if they took a more moderate diet, would be almost universally robust. HOSTLERS, PORTERS, and UNDER MALE SERVANTS at inns, are generally sickly, and labour under congestion (over fullness) of the vessels in the abdomen and head. Their state evidently results from the ale and spirits they take so frequently.

GLUE and SIZE BOILERS are exposed to strong putrid and ammoniacal exhalations from the decomposition of animal refuse. The stench of the boiling and drying rooms is indeed well known to be highly offensive, even to the neighbourhood. Yet the men declare it agrees well with them—nay, many assert, that on entering this employ, they experienced a great increase of appetite and health. All the glue and size boilers we saw were remarkably fresh-looking and robust. Though exposed to frequent and considerable changes of temperature, to sudden changes also from an atmosphere of hot vapour to the dry cold air, they are not subject to rheumatism, pulmonary inflammation, or catarrh. The only complaints we could hear of, were occasional pains in the loins and limbs, attributable to posture and exertion.

TALLOW-CHANDLERS, subjected to an offensive ani-

mal odour, enjoy health, and attain a considerable age. During the plague in London, it was remarked that this class of men suffered much less than others.

TANNERS, it is well known, are subject to disagreeable odours. They work in an atmosphere largely impregnated with the vapour of putrifying skins, and this combined with the smell of lime in one place, and of tan in another. They are exposed constantly to wet and cold. Their feet are scarcely ever dry. Yet they are remarkably robust; the countenance florid; and disease almost unknown. Tanners are said to be exempt from consumption; and the subject has of late been repeatedly discussed in one of the medical societies of London. We have carefully inquired at several tan-yards, and could not hear of a single example of this formidable disease. We do not find old men actually in the employ; and the reason assigned is, not the decline of health, but the inferiority of men past middle age in undergoing the labour of the process. Persons, however, in advanced life, yet healthy, are found in other occupations, who have before been for many years in the tan-yards, and have not apparently suffered from the long-continued exposure to their offensive odour. Hence we may infer that this employ, while it invigorates the constitution in youth and middle age, does not sensibly shorten life; does not, in other words, give temporary health at the expense of premature decline.

Ramazini tells us, that at Padua the tan-yards were permitted only in the suburbs. Here, also, as the stench would be considered a nuisance, tan-yards are at the outskirts. As a matter of medical police, however, we see no occasion for their exclusion from the town.

We have next (says he) to examine a class whose employments produce a dust or vapour decidedly injurious.

CORN-MILLERS, breathing an atmosphere loaded with the particles of flour, suffer considerably. The mills indeed are necessarily exposed to the air—the number of men is comparatively small, and the labour is good. Yet millers are generally pale and sickly; most have the appetite defective, or labour under indigestion; many are annoyed with morning cough and expectoration; and some are asthmatic at an early age. The average circumference of the chest in ten men, whom we measured, was 36 2-5 inches; and the quantity of air thrown out by a full expiration was somewhat less than seven pints. Though we found several who had borne the employ from boyhood to the age of 50 or 60, the individuals were by no means robust; and we could not find an instance of an aged and healthy miller. The preceding statements do not apply to the men who drive the corn and flour carts, nor to the porters who unload the grain. These persons are little exposed to dust, labour chiefly in the open air, and are generally selected for their muscular power. They are, however, like other men who carry great weights, subject to hernia (ruptures.)

TEA-MEN, in removing tea from the chest, are much affected by the dust, especially by that from the green. But as this annoyance is occasional only, we can scarcely suppose it capable of producing permanent injury either to the nervous system or the lungs.

COFFEE-ROASTERS are affected by the odour which the heat eliminates from the berry; and those who have been thus employed for years are said to become asthmatic. The vapour is greatest when the coffee is stirred or shaken during the time of cooling. The heat of the process is of course great, and leads often to immoderate potations. Men when they enter the employ complain of oppression at the chest, difficulty of breathing, and cough—of headache and indigestion.

SNUFF-MAKERS suffer from the fine dust of their employ, which, combined with muriate of ammonia, and other substances, produces disorders of the head, the air-tube, and the stomach.

RAG-SORTERS are frequently distressed with dust; but the injurious agent is seldom applied long enough to produce a morbid effect.

PAPER-MAKERS also, particularly the aged, are unable to bear the dust which arises from cutting the rags. Young persons, however, are not generally sensible of much inconvenience; but few remain for years at the employ. Might not rags be cut by machinery, and this machinery inclosed in a box? The rags are afterwards shaken in a cylindrical wire cage, so enclosed as to prevent the escape of any considerable portion of dust.

SPINNERS OF WORSTED inhale a fine dust; but this is not in such quantity as to produce a marked effect."

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